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A Minister's Ideals

A Minister's Ideals

In Sonnet and Song

By

Charles Sumner Hoyt

Chicago
The Winona Publishing Company
1903

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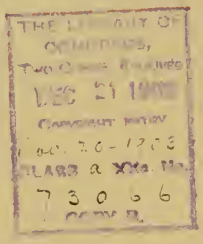

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To the

First Presbyterian Church

of

Oak Park, Illinois

this little volume is dedicated
with deep appreciation and affection

During the last few weeks of his life Dr. Hoyt collected these Sonnets and Hymns with a view to their publication. The Sonnet on James Chalmers was the last product of his pen, written January 20th, 1903, some dictated alterations being made January 24th, at the same time the "Evening Thought" was dictated. A number of the Sonnets had appeared in the Auburn Seminary Review, those on the Prophets, Henry Drummond, and Expansion in the Christian Endeavor World; but all the Hymns were written for the services of the First Presbyterian Church of Oak Park, Illinois.

It is thought that many of those who have heard this Minister's ideals preached and sung will be glad to have them in the form in which he left them when called, January 28th, 1903, to the realization of his one inclusive ideal, "that I may win Christ."

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Ideals of the Ministry

Our Calling

"High is our calling, Friend." Thus Wordsworth said
To Haydon, poet to the painter: each
Surmounting heights beyond the av'rage reach,
Where only genius has a right to tread,
Se we must magnify our office, led
Of God to catch and paint ideals, to preach
The higher truths of spirit, and to teach
That man doth not subsist alone by bread.

For men have won such conquests in the field
Of trade: in wealth and power have waxed so great,
That they the sceptres of the world do wield,
And make and unmake policies of state.
But still our Christ stands rightful King of men
And we must bring his crown rights back again.

Prophet

As prophets, more than once we must have caught
The vision of the King, the bush aflame
With glory, felt our lips were purged of shame,
Our tongues a burning eloquence were taught.
There's prophet's work, while conscience can be bought
With gold, or dazzled by the spell of fame:
While, in the face of wrong, men show a tame
And craven spirit, base and ignoble thought.

Our eyes be clarified to read the times,
Our ears attuned to hear the cry of pain,
Our sympathies be widened to all climes,
In prayer and work for Christ's advancing reign.
His blazing chariot wheels may we outrun,
The tireless heralds of God's Kingly Son!

Apostle

Think you "Apostle" is a worn-out word?
  There still is need of men, whom God hath sent
  Straight as an arrow from a bow full bent,
Swift as an angel flies, whose soul is stirred
To minister, and cannot be deterred.
  Ambassadors for Christ must be intent
  On errands high, and willing to be spent
In any work, if only He shall gird.

Yea, though we stand ambassadors in bonds,
  As Paul before Agrippa, we must bear
  Ourselves as royal messengers, and wear
The livery of light that corresponds.
  Not ours the words we speak, the works we do,
  But His who sent us; His the glory, too.

Pastor I.

The Master says to us, as once of old
To Peter, "Feed my lambs and feed my sheep";
Give joy for joy, and weep with those that weep;
Go, gather those that stray into the fold.
For in this restless age the sheep scarce know
The shepherd's voice, and he must go and lay
A living hand on them, the cloudy day,
When skies are dark, faith weak and hope sinks low.

O for the shepherd-instinct, shepherd-heart,
That from the Shepherd-King hath learned its art!
Compassion warm, a swift telepathy,
To read the soul, its hidden agony:
From house to house, on moorland or in mart,
To win and hold by tact and courtesy.

Pastor II.

His vital grasp gives men new grip on life,
  His manhood reinforces their's, so spent
  In battling with the world; recruits their rent
And weary spirit, faint and sick from strife.
When he appears, clouds disappear; the sun
  Shines forth again; the weak are strong once more;
  The children's faces brighten, and the store
Of joy seems doubled, and life's battle won.

  He loves his people. Locked within his breast,
  Their secrets are as safe as in a chest
That's ribbed with steel. No hireling-shepherd he,
  Whose service must be bought with paltry pelf;
He puts no price upon his ministry,
  Nor has he ever learned to save himself.

Minister

The minister has found what service costs
In heart-blood, in the constant going out
Of virtue from him, in derision's shout,
The world's indifference and stinging frosts.
As Christ came ministering, His servant comes.
Enough for him if, like his Lord, he girds
Himself to lowly tasks, and hears the words,
"Do ye as I have done." For in the slums,
As on the boulevard, we track the feet
Of Him who toiled up Calvary to win
The world. Then let us count it shame and sin,
If we with halting step our duties greet.
Let life be hard, its work without return!
Your candle trim and to the socket burn!

Sky-Pilot

Men will not scorn the "cloth," if underneath
  There throbs a manly heart. In wild Black Rock
  Or on Fifth Avenue, they'll not unfrock
The man in whom true sympathies do breathe.
We take their playful term of "parson," fill
  It full of gracious personality,
  The Christ-like character, that all can see,
The love that charms, the qualities that thrill.

"Sky-pilot," they may dub us, when the skies
  Are blue and waters calm; but when the clouds
  Blot out the stars, a tempest sweeps the shrouds,
The vessel drives before the gale, hope dies:
  They trust that pilot, full of faith and cheer,
  Who says,—"Believe in God and do not fear!"

"Farthest North"

Let Science count the gains from her high quest
  Amid unconquered snow and ice! We prize
  The most its witness to the hopes which rise
Unbidden and immortal from the breast—
The patience, courage, energy, unrest,—
  The faith in God and man, in sea and skies,
  Which makes adversities its firm allies,
And rugged powers of manhood doth attest.

O men of Auburn! trust the "polar drift"!
  Forget yourselves, your safety and your ease!
    Stout heart within, and steady hand on helm.
Adventure all for truth! Then through the rift
  Of wintry cloud, beyond the icy seas,
    Shall shine the unattained, the soul's true realm.

Men of Auburn

God bless thee, Auburn! School of prophets true,
Thy record starred with names of brilliant worth,
Thy lines of light gone out through all the earth,—
Long may both power and fame to thee accrue.

On all thy sons be set thy double seal
Of loyalty and liberty. Impart
To them thy love of truth, a fearless heart
To do the right, to follow their ideal.

So may thy future far the past outstrip:
Thy learning ever own its Master, Christ:
Thy richest treasures be the gains unpriced
Of reverent, intrepid scholarship.
Thus from these halls send forth into the world
True soldiers of the Cross, with flag unfurled.

Ideals of the Prophets

Sargent's "Hebrew Prophets"

Here see the builders of a commonwealth,
  Who ever to celestial patterns wrought;
Applied truth's plumb-rule, lest there creep by stealth
  Some flaw God's work to mar, and bring to naught.
These men have looked on bushes all aflame
  With Deity, yet unconsumed; have caught
The vision of the King and felt the shame
  Of unclean lips, till living coal was brought
To purge away their sin and make them fit
  For purest message. Never have they thought
Of fear, their eyes with heaven's glory lit,
  Nor could they with dull, earthly gold be bought.
Some faces stern and dark with coming doom,
And some with tenderness and hope abloom.

Hosea

The Prophet of the Divine Betrothal

Heroic soul! experience hard and real,
Of blighted hopes, dishonored vows, the stress
And strain of inward conflict none could guess,
Yet through it all a heart as true as steel,
Of patient love has taught thee Heaven's ideal:—
"For I am God, not man; love more, not less;
My people I've betrothed in faithfulness,
Nor can I break my cov'nant's seal."

O church of God, O bride of Christ, reveal
Thy gratitude for love like that; confess
Thy need of cleansing; wear thy virgin dress
Of radiant purity, adorned with zeal.
With lasting joy and peace thy Lord will bless,
And all thy sin and shame and sorrow heal.

Joel

The Prophet of Pentecost

All nature mourns, as when a flame runs o'er
  Its fields, and leaves a black and dreary waste,
  And from the sons of men all joy is chased.
But rend your heart, your gracious God implore,
That He may send His rain, your years restore
  With plenty, satisfy with good your taste,
  Till wilderness by Eden be replaced.
More wondrous yet! The heavens shall outpour
The Spirit's gift upon all humankind,
  Anointing men and women, old and young,
    With visions of the truth, with golden dreams
  Of purity, and kindling every tongue
With fire of love, until from mind to mind
    There radiate Pentecostal gleams.

Amos

The Prophet of Social Justice

No prophet, neither prophet's son, but called
From following the flock to be a voice
For God, a seer of truth for people walled
About with insincerity, a choice
And gifted workman, trained in field, not school.
Beneath the silent stars he thought by night,
And wrought the livelong day with busy tool.
So measured he to manhood's fullest height.

No golden glamour hides from eyes made keen
By desert air the nation's sure decay.
His plumb-line makes the social structure lean
So far from truth that naught its fall can stay.
He sees the Lord above the altar stand
To smite the temple and to scourge the land.

Obadiah

The Prophet of False Pride and Unbrotherly Neutrality

In daring hast thou with the eagle vied
  And set among the stars thy dizzy nest.
  The hidden rock-clefts thou inhabitest
Beyond all fear, secure and satisfied.
Thine heart deceives itself in its false pride,
  And shall be humbled by divine behest.
  Invasion's wave shall roll its angry crest,
Search out thy treasures with its hungry tide.

No neutral he that stands the other side,
  A brother's shame and sorrow makes his jest,
  Then joins the mob to plunder and molest.
The mocker is as one that crucified.
  O Christ, to walk with Thee give keener zest,
Nor coward let me stand the other side!

Jonah

The Prophet of Repentance

Delivered from the depths profound, the vast
  Abyss of waters, awed and penitent,
The recreant prophet boldly gains at last
  The city gates, on single errand bent;
One startling message through her streets proclaims,
  "Yet forty days, and Nineveh o'erthrown!"
He rouses people, nobles, king. He shames
  Them for atrocious sins until one groan
Of agony, one cry to Heaven of hearts
  Despairing sounds from greatest unto least.
By royal law, in palaces or marts,
  One badge of mourning covers man and beast.
    O Ninevites, your penitential fear
    Condemneth us. That "greater One" is here.

Micah

The Prophet of Peace

We bless thee that so soon thou didst reverse
  Thy brother prophet's message, and didst dare
  Rebuke the zeal for war, the trumpet's blare;
Of carnage, pillage, thou didst show the curse;
Thou badest men, in words both tense and terse,
  Beat spear to pruning-hook, and sword to share,
  And learn industrial arts, secure from care,
Domestic virtues peace alone doth nurse.

Where, in an age of violence and strife,
Was born so fair a hope, with blessing rife?
  Look down the years. O little Bethlehem,
  Thine be the glory, thine the diadem!
    Thou cradlest One who is to be our King,
    The Magna Charta of our peace to bring.

Nahum

The Prophet of Nineveh's Fall

O Nineveh, thou bloody city, think
Not thou canst fill thy lion's lair with spoils
Of ravaged nations, and elude the toils
Of outraged justice, which no more shall wink
At cruelty so vast. God makes thee drink
The cup of fury thou hast brewed, which boils
With Heaven's wrath. About thee slowly coils
The chain thyself hast forged, link by link.

Make strong thy loins; prepare thyself for siege.
Stand guard! The outposts fall like figs first ripe.
The gates swing wide. Fierce warriors throng thy streets
With fire and sword. Thy worthies and their liege
Are weak as women. Thou art in the gripe
Of one whom man may mock, but never cheats.

Habakkuk

The Prophet of a Tried but Triumphant Faith

O Thou of ear so keen that it must hear
  The prayer of faith for healing of our shame,
  O Thou of eyes so pure that they must flame
In vivid lightnings on our darkness drear,
And clarify our murky atmosphere,
  When wilt Thou come to manifest Thy name,
  To vindicate the right, Thy cause reclaim?
Bold watchman on thy tower of hope, what cheer?

Swift comes the answering vision; make it plain:
  The Lord is on His throne,—keep silence, earth,—
    Shall punish wrong, and crown the just with life;
  Revive His ancient work; by second birth
    Flood all the world with glory, quenching strife,
Till men their heritage of joy regain.

Zephaniah

The Prophet of the Day of the Lord

A day of wrath, of darkness and distress,
When God will search with candles, and will seize
The careless doubters, settled on their lees,
Who live in luxury and selfishness.
The enemy, resentful, pitiless,
With banners waving in the morning breeze,
The city gates shall enter at their ease,
And all its treasures spoil beyond redress.

But sing, O Zion! There's another day
Of God, when He, thy King, who's in the midst
Of thee, shall joy o'er thee and rest in love;
Thy foe cast out, thy judgments take away;
Let thee no more see evil, since thou didst
Not doubt, but patiently His goodness prove.

Haggai

The Prophet of Reconstruction

Mid blended shouts of joy and grief were laid
The stones whereon the exile's hopes were based.
Then foes conspired. The king his course retraced,
His throne against the enterprise arrayed.
And now self-seeking, apathy, invade
All hearts. The pulse grows faint, the will unbraced.
They rear their houses, let God's house lie waste.
So heaven from dew and earth from fruit are stayed.

There comes swift messenger from higher court,
With rugged message, of divine import:—
"Your ways consider; be ye strong and build;
With greater glory shall this house be filled."
He touched their conscience, and their spirit stirred
To nerve their hands for work, their loins regird.

Zechariah

The Prophet of Restored Jerusalem

Despise not things so small. Thou'rt not alone,
But God is with thee and will bless thy toil.
Mid shouts of "Grace!" thou'lt lay the topmost stone,
And feed the temple lamps with golden oil.
The city shall o'erleap its ancient bounds,
And God shall be its glory and defense.
The boys and girls shall fill its streets with sounds
Of laughter, till old age its care relents.
Men call the city "Truth," therein find peace.
Its fasts are turned to feasts. Its sacred shrine
Is altar for the nations. Never cease
The living streams to flow, the light to shine.

Wouldst know the secret of this vision's flower?
By Spirit of the Lord, and not by power.

Malachi

The Prophet of a Violated Fatherhood

If I'm a Father, where's the honor due
From loving children? Why do ye profane
My name with hollow service? Why in vain
Burn fire upon mine altar, and, in lieu
Of perfect gifts, with refuse think to sue
For favor? Weariness ye ill contain;
Ye rob both God and man; your one refrain,
"Wherein?" to all your empty life the clew.

Behold! the Lord shall suddenly appear
To purge His temple, a refiner's fire,
To purify the silver and the gold.
Then they that serve the Lord, His name do fear,
Shall be My jewels and My heart's desire,
Of luster rare, of beauty manifold.

Miscellaneous Sonnets

Dwight L. Moody

I.

O wisest, noblest herald of our age,
  Whose trumpet-tones ne'r gave uncertain sound,
  Whose glad Evangel, heard the wide earth round,
Did so much human grief and pain assuage:—
How we shall miss thy face, keen, rugged, kind;
  A face that children learned to trust and love,
  Whose goodness men and women came to prove,
The faithful index of an honest mind!
When shall we hear such speech again, so tense,
  Direct, incisive, piercing to the heart
  Of things; a speech for pulpit or for mart,
So rich in Bible lore, in common sense?
  A "Master of Assemblies," how he swayed
  Our wills, like fields of grain by strong winds played!

II.

To dull, despairing souls he showed a star
  Of hope; 'mong optimists he led the van:

"Since God is love" (his message ever ran),
"Take heart of cheer; thy sins forgiven are."
"No matter though in sin you've wandered far
From home; if you've the will to turn, you can."
Not ours alone, but owned of every clime;
Whose thoughts of heav'n and earth did freely blend,
Who walked and talked with God as friend with friend,
And thus became the Great-heart of our time.
A nature plain, with neither show nor sham,
Yet strong and noble, ruling by the sway
Of simple truth, his whole life seemed to say:—
"By grace of God I am the man I am."

III.

So sensitive his soul to human need,
With passionate intensity, with all
His powers he wrought, until he heard "God's call,
Saw Heaven open and the earth recede."
So let him sleep on Round Top, whence appear
The scenes where he was born, where he was known
As friend and neighbor, laid the cornerstone
Of schools, that prove his foresight sound and clear.

He needs no granite shaft to mark his grave,
  Himself a sort of monumental man;
  Perhaps to no one, since the world began,
Has it been giv'n more lives to touch and save.
  In him the heavenly calling was not missed;
  He magnified the name, Evangelist.

Zimmerman's "Christ and the Fisherman"

"Henceforth Thou Shalt Catch Men"

Though half-averted be the Master's face,
We read in brow serene and look benign
A spotless life, His manhood's clearest sign:
In hands of healing, laid with matchless grace
Upon the fisher's brawny arm, we trace
The subtle power, which led men to resign
Their all and follow Him in paths divine,
In sacrifice and service for their race.
The younger man, with dark and soulful eyes,
Enraptured, drinks in truth like thirsty earth.
O Lord, enchain him, 'till, for high emprise,
Thou'st made him Thine forever! He is worth
Thy master-spell. With tireless eagle-flight
And gaze unblenched, he'll dare the sun's fierce light.

Henry Drummond

Men called him "Prince," and knightlier soul ne'er flung
The gage of chivalry, nor entered lists
Where beauty shone and shouts of triumph rung
As lances crossed. None ever kept his trysts
With maiden fair more loyally than he
With truth. A virgin manhood, dedicate
To wisdom, honor, love, humanity,
And keeping faith with Christ inviolate.
With royal hand he poured his life's best wine
To vivify the faint. Nor would he swerve
From duty's path, but proved the law divine,
That he who would be great must lowly serve.
In many fields he won a bright renown,
But in the lives he saved a kingly crown.

Expansion

Is this the time, O church of Christ, to sound
  Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt
  The men and women who have borne the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?
Is this the time to halt, when all around
  Horizons lift, new destinies confront,
  Stern duties wait our nation, never wont
To play the laggard, when God's will was found?

No! rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords.
  Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
    And to thy kingdom come for such a time!
The earth with all its fulness is the Lord's.
  Great things attempt for Him, great things expect,
    Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.

To My Mother, on Her Eightieth Birthday

On God and godlike men build we our trust?
  But what if Christian womanhood reveal
  Those qualities divine, which are the seal
Of God, and lift us high above the dust?
A mind alert, whose powers defy the rust;
  A soul clear-visioned, living in th' ideal;
  Thy busy hands and feet yet touch the real,
And do God's will on earth because they must.

In thee are gentleness and firmness blent:
  A dignity of grace and heav'nly birth:
  A hopeful, cheery patience, giving worth
To life, its chiefest strength and ornament.
  In thee God hath His choicest work made known,
  And to thy children hath His glory shown.

A Sabbath at Lake Bluff

Though come apart from field of work to-day,
We have not fled our faith nor our ideals;
In nature's sanctities the Christ reveals
His presence; at her altar bids us pray.
Her calm and beauty our unrest allay;
And as her haunting myst'ry on us steals,
We touch through her the hem of Him who heals,
And find anew the Truth, the Life, the Way.

Oh, Master, here before Thy feet I fall,
And pray Thee to subdue the sins that lurk;
To purify my heart, my will enthrall.
And if, in love with leisure, I would shirk
My duty, may I hear Thine urgent call,
And gladly grasp again my tools of work.

Love's Excellence

I. Corinthians 13

But sounding brass, the golden eloquence
That does not speak in love. That knowledge nought,
Which has not learned in love to share its thought.
And idle is the faith, not grown intense
In deeds of love. A cheap beneficence,
That only gives an alms which may be bought,
Or even yields the life to flames, unsought,—
'Tis love's, the secret of all excellence.

Unfailing patience, kindness, courtesy,—
There's not a lovely trait or virtue fine,
That does not spring from love, with love align,
And when we reach that cloudless land, where we
No longer darkly see, but face to face,
There love's the crowning, the abiding grace.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Cayuga Orphan Asylum

If pure and undefiled religion be
To visit the forlorn and fatherless,
To hear their cry and help them in distress,
To keep one's own unspotted purity:—
How rich a heritage belongs to thee,
Of woman's grace and strength and power to bless,
Her faith, devotion, patience, tenderness,
Unstinted poured for half a century!

We think, to-day, of all who here have found
A refuge and a home; a training-school
For life; of those in whom were rarely blent
The teacher and the mother; heaven-sent
To show Christ's love and live His Golden Rule.
Seek you their monument? Then look around!

To Professor Edward North ("Old Greek"), Hamilton College, Christmas 1901

What pæon shall I sing thee, noblest "Greek"?
Thy blended Attic wit and wisdom praise?
Some strong and simple Doric shaft upraise,
To mark thy manhood rare, thy life unique?
Oh, could I hear thee scan, with liquid voice,
The flowing measures of Theocritus,—
Translate those Idyls, as mellifluous
As honey from Hymettian fields, and choice!
With thee we climbed th' Acropolis to see
That panorama from the Parthenon,—
Imagine Salamis and Marathon
And Athens—all that gorgeous pageantry!
Thou madest Greece a fair, enchanted land,
By simple virtue of thy scholar's wand.

Herrick Johnson, Homilete

Thou master of the homiletic art,
Divine diplomacy to reconcile
An alien world to Christ; by loving wile
To gain an entrance to the human heart:—
We see thee on thy class-room throne; recall
Thy keen and trenchant words of criticism,
That proved each fault and pricked each hollow "ism,"
And proved our too ambitious efforts small,
Nor could mere cleverness thine eyes deceive,
And make the brass of speech pass current gold:
However skillfully our tale was told,
The shoddy fabric thou didst soon unweave.
To train fit workmen thou hast ever aimed,
Approved of God, and therefore unashamed.

James Chalmers

Martyr of New Guinea

Explorer, herald, dauntless pioneer.
A man of such magnetic heart and hand
One touch of his our manhood has remanned,
As thro' the raging surf we see him steer
His boat, amid the storm and darkness drear,
And then with eager step the first to land
On savage shores. For he, who bore the brand
Of Christ, feared not the hostile club and spear.
Imperial of soul, of brain of brawn,
Adventurous to cope with wind and wave,
He saw the Christhood in the South Sea spawn,
And with that faith matched love and strength to save.
Along that murky coast there broke the dawn,
Ere, martyr-like, he yielded life so brave.

Hymns

"Banished Sons"

Her Sons. II. Sam. 14: 13

O King, fetch home Thy banished sons,
  Win back their love and loyalty;
Self-exiled, they are still Thine own,
  And bear the marks of royalty.

They're orphaned here, in Thy good world,
  Nor hear Thy voice, nor see Thy face;
Without a faith or commonwealth,
  Though dowered daily with Thy grace.

O Father—King—send them Thy Son,
  With proof of their high lineage;
Some token from the palace send,
  An earnest of their heritage.

And are not we in exile here,
  Till to our fatherland we come?
We wait our summons from the court,—
  O King, Thy banished sons fetch home!

"Face to Face"

Her Service. II. Kings 14: 11

Come, let us look each other in the face,
  Come, let us grasp each other by the hand;
This our divinest, holiest meeting-place,
  This is the gate-way to the heavenly land.

Not in unfriendly rivalry we meet,
  Boasting our prowess on life's battle-field;
Rather, as brothers of the Cross, to greet
  And pledge each other ne'er the strife to yield.

Ours is the challenge to a bloodless war,
  The swords we measure are the word of God,
Truth is our watchword, hope our guiding-star,
  Love is our banner, radiant and broad.

Come, then, and look each other in the face,
  Come and together vow to Christ our love;
This is our safest, sweetest trysting-place,
  Until our meeting, face to face, above.

Hymn of Dedication

Her Open Door

Thy love, O Lord, hath brought us to this hour,
Thy grace hath crowned our eager hopes at length:
And we have seen our brightest visions flower
In forms of beauty, symmetry and strength.

Our heart's true home to Thee we dedicate,
O Christ, the Master-passion of our life:
Help us this shrine to keep inviolate,
Its worship pure, its friendships free from strife.

Of love and life itself Thou didst not spare,
To make us rich with blessings manifold:
Our proffered gold hath built this temple fair:
Now may the temple sanctify our gold.

Here may we learn to temper greed of gain,
And weigh in juster scales the things of time:
Here may the spell of worldly honor wane,
As on our vision dawns the cross sublime.

Our doors be open, beautiful and wide,
To all the heavy laden and distressed:
While here we find in Christ, the Crucified,
Our burdens lightened and our souls at rest.

"Jesus on the Shore"

John 21: 14

Hast thou left some lofty plane,
  Work and worship all divine?
Dread'st to see its glory wane,
  Nor on common tasks to shine?
Love for Christ to duty bring,
All thy life transfiguring!

Hast thy night of toil dragged slow,
  Seemed the darkness without end?
Does the dawn but failure show?
  Shows as well the fisher's Friend?
Hear His voice from yonder shore,
"Cast ye in your nets once more!"

Love discerns that form benign
  In the gray of early dawn;
Reads through memory the sign,
  As again full nets are drawn;
Yearns to see Him face to face,
And be locked in His embrace.

O disciple, think not life
  Emptied of all faith and truth,

If thou fallest in the strife,
  Overwhelmed by wrong and ruth,
Every midnight hath its morn;
With the light new hope is born.

When thy weary night is o'er,
  All thy sky is flushed with light,
Then upon the farther shore
  Radiant love shall greet thy sight.
Hail the resurrection feast,
Christ the Host, His servant guest!

"Divine Heart-Burning"

Luke 24: 32

Our eyes were held. The Word denied us
The precious secret we would learn,
Till One drew near and walked beside us,—
Did not our heart within us burn?

He flashed upon us hidden beauties,
And softened truths we thought too stern;
When by His cross we read our duties,
Did not our heart within us burn?

When there has dawned some revelation,
Some movement new, which men would spurn,
Some truth of fresh interpretation,
Did not our heart within us burn?

By love constrained, he gave us token,
When spent the day, beyond return;
'Mid deep'ning shadows bread has broken,—
Did not our heart within us burn?

O, Master, when we see Thy glory,
Receive the grace we could not earn,
Recount, in full, salvation's story,
Will not our heart within us burn?

"A Continual Feast"

Prov. 15: 15

The merry heart hath daily feast,
And doth not know what 'tis to pine;
Of outward good may have the least,
Since Christ within pours richest wine.

Though conscience feels the pang of sin,
The soul hath never need of priest,
For Christ doth cleanse the heart within,
And spreadeth there continual feast.

When locks are white with Winter's snows,
And furrows down the face are creased,
Old age, still cheerful, hopeful shows
That grace the merry heart doth feast.

For merry hearts there's no "lost chord":
They sing, when others' songs have ceased,
With melody unto the Lord,
And joy in His continual feast.

"We do not Well"

II. Kings 7: 9

We do not well to hold our peace,
While men beleaguered need release;
Sin's siege is broken; let us sound
The tidings all the world around.

We do not well faith's gold to hide,
Love's treasures hoard this Christmastide;
But rather bring them to the King,
For all His poor and suffering.

We do not well ourselves to feast,
Till famine of the word has ceased.
Our souls with leanness shall be cursed,
Though all our barns with plenty burst.

O, fellow-heirs of God's rich grace,
No longer tarry, but apace
Tell all the household of the King
The joyful tidings angels sing.

For He who is the Gift of gifts
The curtain of the future lifts,
And shows us in a vision fair,
That they alone do well who share.

God, Country, Home, Church, Humanity

I. Peter ii. 17 and iii. 8, 9

My soul, thy powers awake,
All lower aims forsake,
Thy God to serve.
Let mind perceive His skill,
Let conscience feel His thrill,
Let heart obey His will,
Nor ever swerve.

Thine energies be lent
To strengthen government,
Thy country love.
Whether on native land,
Or alien soil thou stand,
Thy patriot life be planned
Its worth to prove.

Keep bright the altar-fires,
Where glow thy warm desires
For home and kin.
Honor enflame each breast,
Truth be the ardent quest,
Love the abiding guest,
Peace reign within.

O church of Christ! in thee
A glorious galaxy
    Of saints doth shine.
A holy brotherhood,
Linked for the highest good
To largest multitude,
    Service divine.

Image of deity,
In all men joy to see,
    For whom Christ died.
A wider family,
A grander polity,
Redeemed humanity,
    Be this thy pride!

A Vision Splendid

Give us, Lord, a vision splendid
Of the civic life to be,
When our city's shame is ended,
And Christ reigns in equity
Beautiful for situation
Seated on her inland sea,
Out from fires of tribulation,
May she come to honor Thee!

Bold we rear our towers of science,
Our fair palaces of art;
On the Cross place most reliance,
For the bulwarks of our mart.
Be Thou wall of fire defending,
And indwelling glory deep;
Vain is watchman's careful tending,
Unless Thou the city keep.

If we make "I will" the token
Of Chicago very life:
Keep our league with right unbroken
And with wrong ne'er quit the strife,—
If not we, our sons and daughters
Shall the walls of truth upraise;
Dedicate beside these waters
A "White City" to God's praise.

"Healing of the Water"

I. Kings 2:19-22

Pleasant is our city,
Beautiful its homes,
Giving cheery welcome
To the one who roams;
Yet its life is poisoned
In the haunts of shame,
Bitter springs of trouble,
Fruitful cause of blame.

CHORUS.

Healers of our waters,
Salt of all the earth,
Cast ye in your treasure,
God will give it worth.

Flourishing our churches,
Thronged our college halls,
High the ramparts rearing,
Culture's noble walls;
Yet our springs still bubble
Turbid, bitter, strong;
And unless they're sweetened,
Right must yield to wrong.—CHO.

Strong the spirit pulsing
In our civic life,
Eager our ambitions,
Emulous our strife;
Yet misrule abounding
Furnishes the taunt,
That "I WILL" 's the symbol
Of an idle vaunt.—CHO.

We have conquered forces
Turbulent and dire,
Risen from the ashes
Victors over fire;
Yet within our borders,
Anarchy and crime
Flaunt their open challenge,
Apathy sublime!—CHO.

We who have the Gospel,
Holding fast the Cross,
Owe it to our city,
Counting all but loss.
We must cast in treasure,
Thought and strength and pelf;
If our springs are sweetened,
We must cast in self.—CHO.

"A City of Truth"

Zech. 8:3-16

When men from all this goodly land
  Shall make their yearly pilgrimage,
And joy within the gates to stand,
  In thy festivities engage:
Be this thy boast to every guest,
Truth is my name and truth my quest.

Where trade is brisk and strife is hot
  May Wisdom stand, lift up her voice,
Till men buy truth and sell it not,
  And in their bargain e'er rejoice.
O fair Queen-city of the West,
Thy name be truth, and truth thy quest!

Instead of ruin, wrong and ruth,
  And chasms wide 'twixt man and man,
Let each to neighbor speak the truth
  In right and justice lead the van.
Let every spire and tower attest,
Truth is thy name and truth thy quest.

The Lord be in the midst of thee,
  Thy God in truth and righteousness,

Thy Saviour from captivity
Of error, vice and lawlessness.
Then shalt thou say, no more in jest,
Truth is my name and truth my quest.

"Christ, I take Thy Yoke"

Matt. 11:30

Weary with the strife
Of tumultuous life,
Puzzled by conflicting choices,
Clear and sweet, 'mid jarring voices,
On my ears there broke,—
"Easy is my yoke."

"Come to me and rest
Ye by cares oppressed:
I will all your burdens lighten,
All your gloomy skies will brighten,
Banish every fear,
Bring in hope and cheer."

"Pleasant is the task
I, your Teacher, ask:—
Learn of Me, the meek and lowly,
How to make the life more holy:—
Lesson simple, plain,
Peace its one refrain."

"Leave all lower ends,
Making full amends:

Follow Me in paths entrancing,
Toward the heav'nly goal advancing."
Christ, I take Thy yoke,
This, Thy master-stroke!

Gladly I revoke
Every galling yoke.
Rivet tight Thy fetters golden,
By love's cords I would be holden.
Silken are the bands
Woven by Thy hands.

"For Thy Sake"

II. Sam. 9:1-7

I have learned, O Lord and Master,
What no doubt can shake,—
That my God hath richly blessed me
For Thy sake.

For Thy sake, Thy love and friendship
Is this kindness shown:
Hence the King adopts me, treats me
As His own.

Since through Thee such grace is flowing,
I would humbly take,
And to others pass the blessing
For Thy sake.

Since to me new life is granted
Solely for thy sake,
On Thy truth my soul and honor
I would stake.

For Thy sake to me is given
Suffering to bear:
After I have bravely striven.
Crown to wear.

In Thy presence, with Thy likeness,
When at last I wake,
This my song through endless ages,—
"For Thy sake."

"The Life Which Is Life"

John 10:10; I. Timothy 6:19, R. V.

Not to lie becalmed, with flapping sail,
But to drive elate before the gale.

Not to wait inert some happy chance,
But to face with zest rough circumstance.

Not with nerveless arm and slackened string,
But from bow full-bent truth's arrow wing.

Not to drain from life scant drops of joy,
But quaff brimming cup without alloy.

Not to starve upon the world's poor dole,
But on faith's rich store to feast the soul.

Not a manhood dwarfed by petty aims,
But a stature crowned midst high acclaims.

Oh for fuller life, in Christ complete!
Not a yearning mocked, no more defeat!

L. of C.

"The Streets of the City"

Childhood. Zech. 8:5

Sweetest word of revelation
  Which foretells the children's play
Showing Zion's restoration,
  Once more keeping holiday.

Sweetest scene of Gospel story,
  Full of loveliest import,
Where the Saviour, Lord of glory,
  Watches children at their sport.

Sweetest thought the present borrows
  From the past so dim and gray,
Is that Christ, the Man of Sorrows,
  Loves to see the children play.

Sweetest vision that can gladden
  Weary earth where grief holds sway;
Golden streets, with naught to sadden
  Happy children at their play.

"The Light of Life"

Strenuous Manhood. John 14:6

Keen and intense life's race,
  Sharp and severe its strife;
Lest I grow faint and slack my pace,
  O Christ, be Thou my Life!

Dark and perplexed the way,
  Hard and involved the right:
The smoke of passion clouds the day:—
  O Christ, be Thou my Light!

Incarnate Truth Thou art;
  From error set me free;
And henceforth lead my mind and heart
  In sweet captivity.

So in Thy willing strength
  Abounding let me live;
Then to Thy cloudless land at length
  Abundant entrance give.

"Self-Conquest"

Strenuous Manhood

O Lord, when strife and passion through me thrill,
  Like sudden gusts that agitate the sea,
Then quell the tumult with Thy "Peace, be still!"
  As thou didst hush the storm on Galilee.

Let not my life defenseless be, unwalled,
  A city broken down, exposed to feud;
But by Thy chains of love let me be thralled,
  My spirit conquered and my will subdued.

Engrave Thy law of kindness on my tongue;
  A fount of kindness open in my heart:
To gentler issues be my nature strung,
  A harp that feels and owns the Master's art.

Purge from my spirit all the heat I feel
  Of hatred, envy, malice, pride, self-will:
And make my wrath a clear white flame of zeal,
  That only burns to purify of ill.

In furnace-fires of truth I would anneal
  All baser ores, my nobler self to find:
My will, a piece of finely-tempered steel,
  While strong to bear, yet pliant to Thy mind.

"Lord, Let Me Go in Peace"

Old Age. "Nunc Dimittis" Luke 2:29

Lord, I have waited for thy consolation,
For thine Anointed, hope of every nation;
Since now mine eyes have seen thy blest salvation,
Lord, let me go in peace.

Lord, I have ever known thy Spirit's leading,
And from my youth have had thy temple's breeding;
Since now there's only this one thing I'm needing,
Lord, let me go in peace.

Lord, I have never found thy service dreary,
Thy pathways aught but beautiful and cheery;
And yet mine eyes are dim, my feet are weary;
Lord, let me go in peace.

Lord in Thy heaven I have richest treasure,
Deep in my heart a hope I cannot measure,
Thy work and truth will ever be my pleasure;
Lord, let me go in peace.

An Evening Thought

Since on me the Lord His Countenance doth lift,
I will lay me down in peace, and sleep;
For, though far down some silent vale my soul should drift,
I will not be afraid—for God will keep!

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